

the horses! Let us see the cause of this." "Ah! you were not cwick enough, Alphonse—the flash was gone in an instant, distinct as it was, said Adele, still remaining erect, and with her hand pointing, as the landau suddenly came to a

Then there came three or four more

flashes in swift succession.

"There, there, now look!" she cried "But no-it is gene-it has vanished as quickly as it came!" she added, into her seat, with a sinking back into her seat, with a eigh of relief. "Oh, it was too, too dread-ful!" Boncourt had remarked nothing in

the flashes, except that she was very pale, and was pressing her hand to her heart. "Hurry on Francois! Brulez le chemin. or we're in for a ducking!" he cried; and as the coachman again gave the horses their heads, he turned, with a laugh, to his sister, saying, "I gave you credit for better nerve, Adele. Of course, it was but an hallucination."

"No. no! Speak not of it so. Alphonse.

Mon Dieu! that face in the flash—it glared out from the luridness upon me, like a demon's from a nightmare! There was another face beside it, too-a face that I zecognized!"
"Describe them."

"No, no; not now; we will be soon home; wait till we get there. Ciel! what a wind!"

Fortunately, Jasmine Lodge was no close at hand, though but little rain was to accompany the tempest. But by the time the shelter of the piazza was reached a tremen lous gale was rushing in from the sea, and the lashing of the surf on the beach below the garden could be distinguished above the screaming of

the wind amid the trees.

"See that everything's under cover,
Francois," called out Boncourt in French. as both Adele and he were in the habit of addressing the servants; and then, as they were passing through the hallway, he asked his valet, Maurice, who had admitted them, if every one was within doors.

"All but le petit-grand Dip," was the valet's reply, grinningly applying a desig-nation which the small prodigy from over the seas had already earned for himself in below-stairs circles.

What! out in this storm?" said the master, giving Francois his hat and cane.
"Where the deuce can the boy be?"

Francois had not the least idea, but was hazarding a facetious suggestion that le petit-grand Dip might have been blown away, or drowned in a rain-drop, on upstairs, called to her brother that he could follow her into her boudoir. When he entered it, a minute or two

later, she had already partly undressed, with the assistance of her maid, and was reclining in a fauteuil, with the signs of her recent disturbance still in her face and manner. "You can return to me presently,

Manine," said she, dismissing the maid with a gesture; and then Boncourt seated himself before her, with an air of mock

curiosity. "Now for your disclosure, ma petite, caid he, smiling. "The face in the flash? Come, what was it like?"

"Like a demon's—like a female flend's!" said Adele, with a slight shudder. "But if you don't become serious right off, Alphonse, I shall say nothing more Boncourt at once became gravely atten-

"Oh, Alphonse, it was dreadful—appalling!" she went on, hurriedly. "And there were two faces—two figures—together, as I told you. The flash of light-ning revealed them to me crouched under the trees and rocks at the roadside-at first in a listening attitude, as though but that moment attracted by some distant and ominous sounds-and then, though almost at the same instant, they both lifted their faces, and their eyes encountered mine.

"Fleeting as was the flash, the lineaments of both were distinctly, steadily revealed to me. One I recognized; the other—oh, Alphonse, it was terrible! Though sheeted by the lightning's glare, it seemed illuminated also by an interior ing inner balefulness, that embodied every evil passion, and seemed to fairly scorch me with its menacing hate and vindictiveness!"

"But what was it like?"

energested something in my memory some hing in the foreast next—and
set I could not, nor can I now, identify
it in my recollections. Imagine a face, in my recollections. Imagine a face, d. fiffred, wrinkled and fissured, but old, fittiged, wrinkled and fisured, but not with time; imagine it lighted up and distorted with every lawless hate and pas-sion-bitter, savage, vengeful, demoniac; and then ir gine all this concentrated upon me to one threatening, blazing glance, that still seems to sear me to the soul! Ah, I shall never, never forget it."

Boncourt moved a little uneasily in bis chair, as her words recalled a face and look, somewhat similar to those described, which he had himself encountered not long before; but, for certain reasons of his own, he decided not to mention the circumstances to his sister. But you were furnished a clue to its

identity," said he. "Whose was the other face that you recognized?" "It was that of Miss Winford, the old

banker's housekeeper." The deuce! Are you sure?" "Positively. Her face is likewise disfigured, as you know, and not likely to be mistaken for another, even in a lightning flash. But, pitted and ugly as it is, it seemed angelic in contrast with the terrible countenance that glared upon me.

Think no more of all this, Adele, or treat it as a fanciful apparition "But what could have brought the staid, goody-goody Miss Winford into such an ssociation! Some discreet questions put to her might clear up the mystery."

"Leave them unasked—no good can come of it! Myctery be hanged! Only a face in a flash—perhaps some wandering maniac's wild face raised to yours by the merest chance—and the rest, the significance of it, and all that, supplied by your excited imagination! It is yet early, go to sleep at once, ma belle, and forget all about it!"

She murmured an acquiesence, and touched a bell-rope for the recall of her maid, as she received the good-night kiss that her brother seldom forgot to bestow

As the latter was thoughtfully redescending the stairs, the lad Dip entered by the front door, dripping with rain and somewhat disheveled by the wind, but otherwise with no abatement of his comical self-profession.

Where have you been, you rascal?

growled his master.

"Hunting spies out of the palatial grounds, my lie-e," was the sque king response, accompanied by the triumphant production of a revolver from underneath his jacket. "Bad luck, though-two patent cartridges burned up, and nary a spy

Don't trifle. What do you mean?" "Half an hour after you went out to drive, sir, I detected two men lurking among the laburnums—one of 'em. I'm

can cut at the p'int of the pistol once be-

"Ha! tho lawyer's clerk?" "Yes, sir. I've been chasing cunting, and dodging of 'em ever since, but all for nothing, I'm sorry to say, after firing two shots, Eir. "I heard no shots."
"Bless you, sir! I hardly heard em

myself, for the rumpus the storm was kicking up at the time—a reg'lar cyclone?"
"Go to bed, you rascal! and let this be the last sof your pistol practice in these grounds." said Boncourt, restraining a smile. "English customs are widely different from those of the Pacific Elope of North America, you'll find."

But as the lad was moving away he re-

ealled him.
"Wait! Did you chance to see any one else in the vicinity of the house here tonight-two women, for instance, not young, and reither of them well-favored? "Nary a petticoat, my lord, good, bad, or indifferent, old or young, beaming or ugly, fat or scrawny! Why, really my lord, clandestine rondyvoozes could hardly be expected on a night like this,

"That will do, Dip."

## CHAPTER XXV. AUNT JANE'S HOUSEHOLD.

It becomes necessary at this point the go back briefly to the moment that Gwen-doline had been left standing at Aust Joan's gate, after the landau containing Boncourt had been driven away.

It had hardly disappeared in the growing dusk before the young lady was rejoined by her fatner, and at the same time the widow came out again to the gate, ac-

companied by her two sons.

Mr. Alworth acquitted himself better than his daughter had hoped for in making his acknowledgments for Aunt Joan's hospitable kindness, and then Gwendoline asked him whom it was that he had

stopped to speak to on the road.
It was Mr. Croak—aye, Mr. Croak himself!" said Mr. Alworth, not without some eagerness "1h, Gwenny, he seems really contrite for what has occurred—wants his proposition to remain open—is willing to forgive and forget, whenever you shall see fit to reconsider-

Gwendoline burst into a laugh, the better to abstain from an angrier interruption, and was thankful that the thickening twilight was doubtless concealing the blush of mortification that she felt

mantling her cheeks.
"Neveranother word upon that subject, you dear, good, tiresome papa, or you and I must quarrel furiously," she cried. "And how would such a state of affairs suit Aunt Joan, who is to be our landlady hereafter, or either Peter and Paul here, who are to be our fellow boarders? Run into the cottage now, and I will give you a piece of good news-a fragrant piece of news, that shall give you all the beautiful flowers you can pluck or smell, for, perhaps, many days to come!"
"Yes, come right in, for there is a
storm in the air," said Aunt Joan, opening the gate. "You will find your rooms ready for you. Paul and Peter have stowed away all your effects, and Christie thoroughly aired the rooms yes-

terday. But there was another interruption, as Gwendoline and the others were passing

At that moment a man hesitatingly approached, crossing the road from the loose foot-stones of the opposite cliff, in which he might have been lurking unperceived and on the watch for some little

"Will you make allowances, sir, for a stranger -- a stranger at least for many years, though once familiar with this neighborhood—who has thought that he knew your face?" said the man, addressing himself to Mr. Alworth with deep respect. "Do I err, sir, in supposing that you are Mr. Thomas Alworth, once of the firm of Alworth, Marlowe &

Co.?"
The old gentleman looked at his in terlocutor a little suspiciously, but could only make out in the twilight an inoffensive-looking, rather seedily dressed man, who carried a stout walking-stick.

"Ah, yes, sir; you are correct in your of poor stiffness of manner that he was fond of assuming occasionally. Since you appear to know my name, sir, perhaps

you will favor me with yours?"

"There would be no favor in divulging it at present, and it might be of little con-sequence to you," said the stranger, sadly. I was rather mournfully attracted to you just now, sir, by perceiving the change that seems to have taken place in your circumstances. When I was last in these parts, many years ago, I remember that you resided in yonder elegant villa, up there in the cliff's, and now-

"Ha! and now there is a change apparent, to be sure, but what is that to you, sir?" snapped out Mr. Alworth, peevishly. "Father, I am sure you mistake this person's motive in addressing you," said Gwendoline, quieting her father's bad humor by her customary gesture, as she stepped forward. "His words and manner are not sucn as would imply a wish to be disagreeable."

"Indeed they are not, miss, and no such desire could animate me," said the man, with some emotion. "If misfortune has come upon your worthy father, who perny, none can depose a more than a

"My father has been the reverse of fortuna'e for many years, sir, "said Gwendo-line, simply. "He was compelled to re-move from Jasmine Lodge when I was but an infant. Since then we have occupied garret rooms in Mr. Marlowe's until this evening, when we were dispossessed — Mr. Marlowe having dismissed my father from his employment two or three days before-and are row gladly avail-ing ourselves of the hospitable shelter afforded us so opportunely by the noble-hearted proprietress of this pretty cot-

"Great heavens! can this be so?" exclaimed the stranger, stepping back a pace or two, and evidently much agitated. Miss Alworth - Mr. Alworth - your wrongs shall be righted, your misfortunes shall have an end, and that right speedily! I can say no more now.

Heaven have you both in its keeping! And, with these words falling from his lips, he hurried away into the dusk, taking the road leading up through the cliffs, and muttering half-frantically to himself-for the reader will already have divined that this was Jasper Marlowe—
"My fault—my fault! Heavens! how the consequences of my sinful weakness are

recoiling upon my head!' "I hope you are satisfied, Gwenny." was Mr. Alworth's querulous complaint, as he accompanied the rest into the cottage. "I couldn't see the necessity of giving that inquisitive fellow all those

"Nor was there any harm, I am sure, father, since he seemed so kindly disposed," was Gwendoline's cheerful reply. They were then conducted up-stairs the good widow, who introduced them, with a good deal of housewifely pride, into the rooms she had provided for their accommodation. They proved to be connected with each other, were extremely tidy, with the window of one looking out

over the road, and that of the other upon

the ocean, whose gray sands crept up to

I'm paces d from the house. Gwendolite expressed her grateful satisfiction for everything, and kissed Aunt Joan with a simplicity of thankfulness that was more eloquent than anything she could say; while even Mr. Al-worth was not so self-engrossed or absent-minded as not to appreciate what was being done for him, and to testify

"Now, my dears, you are to say no more about thanks, or I shall grow angry," sa d the good old dame, whose lan-guage was marked by but little of the beach and the top of the road, and little Cornish peculiarities of dialect, her rear- more was thought of it.

stare, was the cuss I mentioned asthewing law naving been somewhat superior to her

surroundings.

Thanks, indeed! and from you, Mr.
Thomas Alworth? As if I should have forgetten what was done for me and mine by you, in the old days! No, my dearies-not so long as the water runs in the sea, and there's fish in it for the seine-hauling! Say no more of that, if you please; and Miss Gwendoline shall just take her time in looking for genteel em-

ployment to her taste."
She was presently interrupted by her eldest son's stentorian voice calling up from telow, and demanding if there was to be any reading that evening. "Yet, yes; to be sure," called out the

widow, in response; and then, turning to her guests, she added, with so: a little "Peter reads a chapter every night ka's home (excepting Sunday, of course) from a great book, gators of All Nations, and he'c an uncommon talent for a mere fisherman. It wants an hour of bed-time, and you'll be glad to

Gwendeline smilingly assented, for both her: father and herself, and they forthwith sought out the society of the two stalwart brothers below, who were already souted in the great apartment that answered for kitchen, dining, and living room in one, Paul with a tangle of fishing-tackle in his lap, which he was gravely putting into shape, and Peter with his vokame spread in readiness upon a table before him, with a reading lamp

at his elbow.

The reading, however, was really only attractive to the widow, her sens, and

Not withstanding that Peter read but indifferently, in the broadest of constidioms, and with a loud voice that emulated a fog-horn both in capacity and punctua-tion, Mr. Alworth was soon dozing peacefully under its influence, while even Gwendoline found some difficulty in keaping up an appearance of interect in the particular navigator under considera-

She was, consequently, not unwilling to have the reading curtailed by the ar-rival of a visitor, as it was before the chapter had been finished. The visitor was Miss Winford.

CHAPTER XXVI. AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Gwendeline had always liked Miss Winford, though she had been accus-tomed to regard her as something of a mystery, and she now felt touched and grateful for the banker's worthy house keeper at once grasped her hand, after exchanging greetings with Aunt Joan and the rest, and her first words were meant to convey most delicately her regret and indignation at her master's con-

"I chanced to be absent from the house when you were subjected to that mean and summary treatment, Miss Gwendo-line," said she, with unaffected warmth, "or I should not have hesitated to tell Mr. Marlowe what I thought of it and him. As it is, I have just spoken my mind to kim in a way that he won't forget in a hurry, and I don't care if he gives me my walking papers for it, as he has threatened to do!"

"Oh, dear me! if you should get into trouble on our account, my dear Miss Winford, I shall feel far more distressed than I have been," sighed Gwendoline, to whom the housekeeper's unwonted spiritedness of manner was a matter of sur-

"Oh, but you can save yourself from being distressed on my account—I can take care of myself!" continued Miss Winford, in the same strain. "It was a mean, dastard'y, cruel piece of business on Mr. Gilbert Marlowe's part—a dirty piece of time-serving in the interest of Mr. Croak-and I told him as much: He wouldn't have dared-shame would have deterred him from such meanness, tyrant as he is, had Noel been at home! "Do, pray, say no more of it, dear Miss Winford!" entreated Gwendoline, whose face had slowly crimsoned. "I suppose we have no claim on Mr. Marlowe;

has, doubtless, the right to choose his But a fit of indignation seemed to have seized Miss Winford, from which she found it difficult to abstain, perhaps by continued to talk in the same strain, and much of her cruel homeliness of visage disappeared beneath the momentary color

that her excitement summoned into her habitually pallid face. Then Mr. Alworth roused himself out of his nap. to bask in some of the ready sympathy that she diffused, and now and then heave in a few complaints on his own account; Aunt Joan was not behindhand in the general condemnation to which the miserable banker was being devoted behind his back, any more than was Christie; and at last, even the stalwart joint owners of the tempest-flouting Gadfly caught the spirit of the occasion -Paul to the extent of hopelessly entangling his fishing-tack'e afresh, and Peter, so far as altogether forgetting all about the fortunes of every sort of navigator for the time-bein

Knt of last mach to tiwendoline's seoret relief, the visitor rose to go.
"Good by and good luck, my dear Miss Gwendoline!" said Miss Winford, extending her hand for the last time to the young girl, as they all accompanied her to the door. "But, by the way, there is another thing I came to say. You know I have a pretty good acquaintance with desirable families in and about Highcombe, by this time, and, if you are thinking of seeking a situation as governess, you must feel

that my services are at your disposal."

Gwendoline thanked her warmly, and was going on to say that she would probably have occasion, sooner or later, to avail herself of the proffere l assistance, when she was interrupted by Miss Win-ford saying, with sudden dryness:

"But, after all, my dear child, are you sure that you will ever need my helpthat something may not arise to obviate the necessity of your slaving as a govern-

I can't imagine what you mean, said Gwendoline, with a puzzled expression. Are not my father and I poor enough alre dy, in all conscience? And are not poor people to either work or starve in this queer work-a-day world?"

"I suppose so, unless they suddenly cease to be poor," was the enigmatical response, accompanied by a mysterious look, which Gwendoline found wholey unaccountable. "Odder things than your becoming decently well-to-do, if not brilliantly rich, have often taken place heretofore, and may occur again.'

And with the e words she again said good-night for all, and hurried out through the garden. "Wait, Miss Winford, wait!" Aunt Joan called after her. "It is dark, and there will be a storm. One of my boys

will see you home." "No, thanks, Aunt Joan!" came back Miss Winford's voice in reply, her form having already vanished out of the gate into the darkness. "I am used to being out alone, and I know every foot of the

way up through the cliffs."
"Run after her, l'eter, run!" said Aunt Joan. "The poor thing! Mark how the lightning flashes!"

Peter had already put on his hat and ket, with the intention of accompany. in; Miss Wintord in case of being asked, though too bashful to make the proposiof his own volition, and he now dashed out of the garden and up the road in the direction she had taken

He returned, however, after the storm had burst, and re-entered the cottage in a surly humor, to report that he had been unable to overtake or see anything of the object of his pursuit.

Aunt Joan expressed a fear lest Miss Winford might be unable to obtain shel-ter from the storm, but he quieted her apprehensions by reminding her that there were three or four small cottages,

should district meet Lord Squanderall

But it is to be noted, in passing, that both she and her father were wide of the mark, as to the real significance of the

housekeeper's parting words.
Peter had not overtaken or discovered Miss Winford for two reasons. In the first place, she had proceeded up the hill much faster than he, upon becoming aware of the rapidity with which the tempest was gathering; and in the next place, upon entering the rocky gap in the road, which has been described, the terrifying flashes of the lightning had im-When Gwandoline was bidding her father good-night in the rooms up above,

later, ber father said: What did you think, Gwenny, of Miss Winford's strange words at going, about the possibility of cur-some time being rich

"I did not know what to think of them," she replied.
"Neither did I just then, but I begin to

understand them now," said the old gen-tleman, with a quick return to his com-plaining tone. "She meant—she referred in some way to Lord Equanderall's offer. But she was out, she was out! Such luck never offers itself again, after being once madly set aside. Never, never!" And, thus sighing and groaning, he disappeared into the room that had been

"I suppose that must have been what she meant, though it did not occur to me at the time," sadly thought Gwendoline, as she sought her own repose. "Peor, dear papa! but for him there would be no publicity at all; and I only hope I shall feel too mortified and shame-faced, if I pensed her to shrink for safety under a slightly projecting shelf, which had caused him to go as far as the top of the road and return, without seeing her.

A few moments afterward there was a particularly vivid flash, and she perceived that she was not alone in her rocky shel-

"Why, Mrs. Beane, it is you!" she ex-claimed, as another flash followed. "Yes, it is me, Miss Winford," replied the person thus suddenly revealed. "Hark! Just before you came, I thought I heard some shouts."
"I hear nothing now but the approach of carriage wheels," said Miss Winford.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Burdette's Sermon on Life. Man born of woman is of few days

and no teeth, and indeed it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his teeth he had convulsions when he cut them, and as the last one comes through, lo! the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of por-celain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds. Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the playground and the teacher whips him in the schoolroom. He buyeth Northwestern at 110, when he hath sold short at 96, and his neighbors unloadeth upon him Iron Mount ain at 63\$, and it straightway breaketh down to 521. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and storehouses, and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoils among themselves and say: "Ha! ha!" He growleth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth "My crop is lost!" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost biteth his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is me, for I perish!" and if the northwest wind sigheth down to fortytwo below, he crieth, "Would I were dead!" If he wears sackcloth and blue jean, men say "He is a tramp" and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in pur ple and fine linen, all the people cry 'Shoot the dude!" He carryeth insurance for twenty-five years, until he has paid thrice over for all bis goods, and day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a bouse in Jersey, and his firstborn is devoured by mosquitoes; he pitcheth his tents in New York, and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house away over into Missouri, while a prairie fire and 10,000,000 acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He settleth himself in Kentucky, and is shot the next by a gentleman, a Colonel and a statesman, "because, sah, he resembles, sah, a man, sah, he did not like, sah." Verily there is no rest for the sole of his feet and if he had to do it over again he would not be born at all, for "the day of death is better than the day of one's

Carrying Ten 'Possums by One Tail. A man came down from Cochranton yesterday afternoon with a queer example of natural history in his possession. was a mother oppossum and ten little ones. The man carried the mother suspended by her tail and the little ones completely covered the old ones, hanging on by their feet and tails to any part of the mother's anatomy that would afford a hold. The man stated that he had carried the whole family from the woods where they were captured to Cochranton, over two miles, and not one of the babies loosened their grip in the whole journey -Oil City (Penn.) Derrick.

birth."-Philadelphia Times.

## A New and Peculiar Insect.

The currant bushes in the vicinit of Bloomington, Ill., are infected by a new an I peculiar insect, which covers almost completely the green fruit, and whose poisonous qualities have occasioned much excitement. A child of Ed. Moll of Bloomington died, the doctors declare, from eating the parasite-infected green currants. The child died in the most intense agony, suffering as if affected with rabies. Two other children are low from the same cause. Many people are ridding their gardens of all current bushes .- Washington Star.

SAYS an old seal fisherman: "Thanks to the high latitudes which it inhabits the polar bear is not likely to be killed off. The polar bear is an enormous animal, weighing about as much as a fair-sized ox, but it is not at all fierce, and will always run away, so that it is not hard to kill. I once saw an Aleut woman dispose of one in a very remarkable manner. She found it asleep on the ice, and approached it with great caution from the leeward side, having previously improvised a wespon by fastening the knife she carried to a stick with lacings of seal leather which served to hold together her garment. Having got close to the unconscious beast, she thrust this spear deep into the body behind the left foreleg. It died almost without a struggle. It is a curious fact that the liver of the polar bear is actually poisonous, though the meat is very wholesome and toothsome as well, resembling beef somewhat."

## RENOWNED PALOS.

THE PORT WHENCE COLUMBUS SAILED FOR A NEW WORLD.

Its Old Importance Gone-Visits to the Ancient Monastery of LaRabida-Baptismal Records of Columbus's Crew,

Probably few Americans have ever visited the little Spanish village of Palos, the at one time important seaport of Spain from which Columbus set sail on his wonderful voyage of discovery. The Palos of 1492 and the Palos of to-day are vastly different. It was in that day a thriving town and important scaport, but to-day the banks of the Rio Tinto at Palos are wholly devoid of all signs of docks, piers, warehouses or buildings of any kind; nothing but a wide morass that is overflowed at high water, beyond which are the vine-cultured hills, and still farther back, about a half mile from the river, the little village of Palos, all vestige of old docks or shipping having disappeared, not even a stick or timber

being left to mark the spot. We took a small sailboat at Huelva, an important scaport of to-day, over to Palos, which is situated about three miles distant up the Rio Tinto on the east bank, says A. W. Wheeler in the Chicago Post. It takes from half to three-quarters of an hour in fair weather to make the trip. On the way we passed the noted ancient monastery, La Rabida, where Columbus and his son Diego were taken in and cared for by the good old prior, Juan Perz de Marchena, during the long and weary waiting for the Catholic king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabella, to make up their minds to foster Columbus in his enterprise. The white walls of La Rabida are plainly visible for miles distant, being situated on a high bluff near the harbor and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country.

As we approached Palos we were impressed with the barren outlook, there being no visible signs of port or villages. Only the white walls of an old ruin of an hacienda, or farm house, are to be seen in which the soldiers have built a smal barracks, they having been stationed there to watch for any possible smug-

The little village of Palos, of about five hundred inhabitaries, which is beyond the hill, is, with the exception of

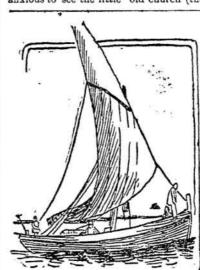


LA RABIDA

the tops of a few houses, invisible from where we landed. Our landing from the sailboat was a novelty such as I had never before experienced. We could get no nearer than about one hundred feet to dry land, so our accommodating boatman carried us ashore on his back. Being a sure footed and muscular fellow, we got safely over. That is the way tourists of to-day are obliged to land at Palos.

It is difficult to imagine that to have been Columbus's point of embarkation. The river at this point is about six hundred feet wide and navigable for boats of considerable tonnage. After landing we walked about half a mile over the hill-or, rather, around it-on the same old road that Columbus had many times traveled back and forth while superintending the fitting out of his little fleet -the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina-and getting ready to embark on his voyage to the "New World." The narrow road leading into the village is covered with rough cobble stones, with no sidewalks, and only passable for pedestrians or burros, the latter of which are used as the sole means of transportation. We saw no vehicle of any kind in Palos. The buildings are all one-story high, built mostly of brick covered with stucco, and every one of them whitewashed.

The occupation of most of the people seems to be that of farming the neighboring country and fishing. Being quite anxious to see the little old church (the



FROM HUELVA TO PALOS. only one in the village) of St. George,

that has stood there for the past six hundred years, having been erected in the thirteenth century, and at which Columbus worshiped, we made inquiries of the crowd of boys who were following us, apparently wondering what brought us to town, and they guided us to it. It is a small, plain little church, with whitewashed walls, like the rest of the buildings, tile roof and small bell tower at the side. We found it closed, but one of the boys kindly offered to go after the cura, Don Jose Murciano Marsal, who soon appeared. After showing him my letter of introduction, which was a general letter to all the Spanish clergy from the rector of the American College at Rome, he opened up the church for our inspection.

There was the same altar, with its gilded image of the Virgiu Mary, the same round pulpit, with its iron-railed winding stairway leading to it, before which Columbus had worshiped. It is a very plain, old-fashioned church, with no paintings or ornamentation of any kind. The cura invited us to dine with him at his home where he could show us the archieves of the church. We gladly accepted his invitation. When we arrived he ushered us into his studio where was the little wooden "archivo" with its treasures of Listorical value. He brought out and showed us the baptismal record

book, over 450 years old, in which were the baptismal records of a number of the crew of Columbus, including among others, that of Rodrigo de Triana, the sailor who first sighted land from the Pinta. This sailor was cheated out of the reward offered by the king. According to Ferdinand's promise the one who Arst sighted land should receive a large reward. But when Rodrigo applied for it, it was refused, at which he was so enraged that he left Spain and went to

Morecco and renounced both his religion and country. This old book of records is worth more than its weight in gold. The cura also had a complete list of the officers and crew of Columbus. He made a copy of the list and gave it to me. The total number of officers and

crew was 120. After our dinner, which, by the way, was a very good one, he having served us among other things some of the finest



chocolate I had ever tasted, we thanked our kind host, saying we were obliged to walk to La Rabida, a distance of three miles, to meet our boat, for we could not get aboard at Palos, as it was low tide. Spaniards are as a rule, priests as well as others, very hospitable, courteous and kind; and, as an illustration, our good cura friend kindly offered to accompany us the whole distance to La Rabida, and we glady accepted his

company. This walk was the most interesting part of our trip, for along this same road Columbus had walked more than a hundred times while going from La Rabida to Palos, often accompanied by the Prior Marchena. The various parts of interest that in any war related to Columbus the the cura pointed out to us. Arriving at the landing we found our boatmen waiting for us, and, bidding farewell to our friend, we set sail and after a half hour's pleasant ride across the bay arrived at Huelva and took the 4 P. M. train back to Sevilla.

The Oldest Living Twins. The oldest twins now living in the

United States are Mrs. Lovica Matteson and Mrs. Sally Clark, born at Rutland, Vt., \* in 1802, and conse-阿京 quently eighty-nine years of age at the ten. present time. Their parents, named Fisk,

had twelve children-

five boys and seven girls-several of whom died, but none below MRS. MATTESON. the age of eighty, while one lived to be ainety-seven. The father died at ninetyive and Mrs. Fisk at ninety-two. Mrs. Matteson has attended to the sick for ifty years and still ministers to the

afflicted. She had five children and lives with one of the surviving three at Angola, N. Y. Her memory is remarkable and she has a wonderful stock of reminiscences.Mrs. Clark lives with her children at Hamburg, N. Y., and she is hearty and vigorous. Living but twenty miles apart the sisters are often

MRS. CLARK. together and they ever fail to meet on their birthday, which is pleasantly celebrated every year. The next oldest living twins in this country were born in Germany in 1804 and now reside in St. Cloud, Minn .-Chicago Herald.

He Was Not in It.



Algie-"You seem rather fond of puppies, Miss Smith." Miss Smith-"Yes-but only of fourlegged ones."

Gold on the Top of a Mountain. A curious discovery has been made on Cedros Island, Mexico, in the form of a bed of white sand, extending along the top of the mountain. It is believed to be the remains of an ancient quartz ledge, pulverized by intense heat, and is said to be as fine as though it had been run

and is asserted to be rich in gold .-Picayune. Length of Soldier's Steps.

through a battery of stamps. It varies

from three to eight feet in thickness,

Among the Continental armies the German soldiers have the longest legs, judging by the length of step, which it eighty centimeters. The step of the French, Austrian, Belgium and Swedish soldiery averages seventy-five centimeters, while that of the Russian soldiers rarely exceeds sixty-nine. -St. Louis Republic.



She-"Oh, Charlie, here comes a bull! What shall I do?" He-"I will save you. Stay here while I run for help!"-Munsey's Weekly.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Orange pie is something new. Blonde hair is the finest and red the

coarsest. P. T. Barnum's family motto was

'Love God and be Merry. A big ocean steamer consumes about 300 tons of coal in twenty-four hours.

The majority of scientists say that the top of a wheel moves faster than the

The force required to open an oyster appears to be 13194 times the weight of the shelless creature.

It has been calculated that there are about 200,000 families living in London on about \$5 a week. The thickness of the human hair varies

from the two-hundred-and-fiftieth to the six-hundredth part of an inch. The smallest known insect, the Pteratomus Putnamii, a parasite of the ichneumon, is but one-ninetieth of an inch

The Prince of Wales is a direct descendant of King Alfred, being the thirty-third great-grandson; thus the English throne has remained in the same

family for over one thousand years. In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air; a healthy man respires sixty to twenty times a minute; while standing the adult respiration is twentytwo times per minute; while lying down thirtcen.

When the postal officials sent to Adrian, Mich., the pay due a young man who was killed in the recent Lake Shore accident near Cleveland, they deducted twenty-five cents for the unfinished part of the run.

Mrs. Louise Burbank, of Leominster, Mass., is almost 104 years of age. In her early years she walked from Quebec to Boston, carrying her babe upon her back, the family finances compelling them to make the journey in that way. A local journal of Fulda, Minn., notes

that a woman recently brought to the office a hen's egg, which measures 71 inches in circumference the smallest way, and nine inches the largest. It was boiled, and upon opening it a smaller, perfectly-formed egg, with a very thick shell, was found, surrounded by the white of the larger egg. A naturalist says a fish has no matur-

living indefinitely, and growing continually. He cited, in proof, a pike in Russia whose age is known to date back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal Aquarium at Petersburg there are hundreds of fish that were put in over 150 years ago. The most extensive salt mine is in Wieliezka, near Cracow, Austro-Hun-

ity, there is nothing to prevent it from

gary. For six hundred years it has been constantly worked, and from it 55,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be five hundred miles long, twenty miles broad and 1200 feet in depth. Its collective galleries are fully thirty miles in length, and its lower levels contain streets and houses, making it a complete underground village.

Prince of Wales's Courtship. Albert Edward chanced to be whiling

away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. Colonel - drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his fiancee, to show it proudly to his companions.

But instead of Lady --- 's likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken carte de visite of the most charming girl the Prince's eyes had ever rested upona girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone.

The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the Prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the carte de visite changed owners. From that moment Albert Ed. ward was in love with the lady who soon became his wife.

When the ship bearing the Princess to London, drew near Gravesend, sixty young ladies, attired in the red and white colors of Denmark, assembled at the wharves to strew flowers beneath the feet of the Prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight the air was rent with cheers; at which, so relates a lady in the party Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the wild tumult of the people.

Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight-a timid, girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side; then, return ing to the cabin was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet,

the work of her own hands. The Prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gangway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the onlookers, caught the Princess in his arms and kissed her. - Commercial Advertiser.

Why Solid Iron Floats on Molten Iron.

When a piece of solid iron is thrown into a pot of molten iron or steel the solid metal at first sinks, which shows that its volume is less than the melted metal. But soon the solid piece becomes heated, which causes it to expand, its volume is increased, and it rises and floats on the surface of the molten mass. The action is the same both with iron and steel. Mr. Wrightson said

"The experiment was frequently made by throwing a piece of iron into melted steel. They could see it go down, and might think that it was on account of the impetus which the iron had attained in falling that height, but as a matter of fact if the iron were put upon a fork and lowered, it would go down; but in the course of a few seconds it came up again, and kept on expanding until the piece of iron was a considerable distance above the surface of the metal. Then it decreased in volume, and of course became of the same volume as the molten metal which it joined. Any one could see by the distance that the piece of iron went above the surface that it was of considerable less density than the meiten metal."-Scientific American.